



etc.  
magazine

CITY'S  
FUTURE  
ON THE LINE

THREATENED CLOSURE  
INFURIATES COMMUNITY

CITY COLLEGE OF SAN FRANCISCO  
SPRING 2013



# etc. magazine

## *Editor*

Daniel Raile  
raile.daniel@gmail.com

## *Managing Editor:*

Melody Parker  
melodykparker@gmail.com

## *Content Editor*

Devin Holt  
devinio24@gmail.com

## *Design Directors*

Gustavo Casillas  
gcasillasiii@gmail.com  
Mary Lovins  
lovins24@yahoo.com

## *Photo Editor*

Wez Ireland  
w@wezireland.com

## *Asst. Photo Editor*

Dan Figueroa  
studio@danfigphoto.com

## *Copy Editor*

Jackson Ly  
jwly@ucdavis.edu

## *Magazine Adviser*

Tom Graham  
tg\_journalist@comcast.net

## *DPI Printing*

www.dpi-sf.com  
Sanjay@dpi-sf.com

San Francisco skyline photograph  
by David Ventura

## *Writers*

Jacob Davis  
Louie Gutierrez  
Devin Holt  
Wez Ireland  
Jackson Ly  
Christine Hikaru Nishite  
Melody Parker  
Daniel Raile  
Mintoy Tillman  
Ana Valdes  
Shanell Williams

## *Photographers*

DeSean Bailey  
Leslie Calderon  
Erin Chow  
Dan Figueroa  
Manuel Franco  
Wez Ireland  
Santiago Mejia  
Juan Pardo  
Ana Valdes  
David Ventura

## *Illustrators*

Anthony Mata  
Yun So

## *Design & Layout*

Gustavo Casillas  
Mary Lovins  
Melody Parker

## *Front Cover*

Photo Illustration by David Hackett,  
Cat Brewer and Margarita Brichkova  
Design by Gustavo Casillas

## *Back Cover*

Design by Cristina Gonzalez

## *Our Mission*

Etc. Magazine is written, edited, photographed and designed by journalism students at City College of San Francisco. Our goal is to cover the students, faculty, staff, administration and alumni of the college and the surrounding community. We strive for the highest standards of journalistic excellence, because our product reflects not only upon the individual students who produce it, but also the Journalism Department and the college.

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[www.etc-magazine.com](http://www.etc-magazine.com)



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What if City closed?	4
<i>San Francisco awaits the fate of its college</i>	
A decade in the shadow of Iraq	9
<i>An Army vet reveals the price of war</i>	
Sunnydale	12
<i>Revisiting the 'swamps'</i>	
A Mother's Mission	15
<i>A sweeping success</i>	
Time traveling to Cuba	17
<i>A photo essay</i>	
Healthy options	20
<i>Weighing in on the obesity crisis</i>	
Breaking the language barrier	22
<i>For ESL students, dreams do come true</i>	
King of the Castro	26
<i>Spotlighting the father of the gay film festival</i>	









# Defending the homefront

## Student Body President speaks out on accreditation crisis

By Shanell Williams

I will never forget July of 2012. I was entering my term as the newly elected President of the Associated Students Council when our college received notice of the “show cause” sanction from the Accreditation Commission for Junior and Community Colleges.

The news shocked students, staff, faculty and the community that extends over the state and nation. How could CCSF, a college that had never received any prior sanction and was recently praised by the

### Commentary

New York Times as among the “top community

colleges in the nation” be in jeopardy of closing its doors?

Two years ago, CCSF was the largest community college in the nation with 110,000 students. It has served a broad range of students by providing transfer, vocational, technical and transitional studies for over 75 years.

Our college has received many awards for academic success and has been a pioneer in education. CCSF created the first LGBTQ major and Philippine Studies department in the nation.

The ACCJC acknowledged City’s diverse faculty and high-quality educational programs but cited governance and leadership structures, budgetary issues and poorly documented student learning outcomes as critical problems. CCSF was told either to address the Commission’s 14 recommendations or face a loss of accreditation, which would have a devastating impact on many communities.

I came to City College of San Francisco in the summer of 2002. I was fresh out of a continuation high school that was part of a residential rehabilitation center for girls in San Francisco. I wasn’t really clear about my educational path but I knew I had to do something to stay out of trouble.

From the ages of 13 to 15, I had many struggles. I found myself going in and out of the revolving door that was the San Francisco Juvenile Justice Center. I wasn’t attending school and was consistently under the influence. Life at home and in my com-

munity was a struggle surrounded by drugs and violence. While I went through the process of healing from childhood trauma, I had profound experiences that formed my commitment to social justice. I graduated from the rehabilitation center with a deeper political understanding of the world and a desire to improve quality of life of those who need it most.

After my first two semesters, I faced a choice between attending class or working full-time. Coming from a low-income family with little resources, I had to provide for myself and leave school. I worked in the non-profit field as a community organizer, case manager and program director on many political and grassroots campaigns. I gained experience serving on advisory boards for urban school reform, youth in the foster care and juvenile justice systems and the behavioral health system.

After seven years of working full-time and attempting, but failing, to move forward in school, I got the opportunity I needed to go back to City College. Because of the open access system at community college, I could come back and pursue my goal of transferring to UC Berkeley or Stanford in urban studies.

Many individuals have experiences like mine, faced with challenging circumstances that get in the way of their education goal. CCSF has always been a place for all communities. If you’re low-income, single mother, formerly incarcerated or dropped out of high school, you can have access to a higher education at City.

For the past eight months, staff, faculty and students have been scrambling to preserve accreditation at CCSF. What remains unclear, at least in my mind, is what we are losing in the process.

In November of 2012, the community came together and passed Prop A and Prop 30. These measures will bring a combined

\$20 million in funding for CCSF. Representatives of the entire college community sat on workgroups and developed student learning outcomes for the college.

With all of the commitment we have made to the accreditation process, we can’t sit and watch the heart of CCSF be broken. That’s what the removal of lifelong learning, civic engagement and cultural enrichment would mean. These pieces of the mission statement, which the ACCJC recommended be removed, speak to CCSF being a “community” college rather than a junior college that prioritizes transfers to four-year colleges, degrees and certificates. We can’t accept the loss of 60 staff including all part-time counselors, or the consolidation of retention centers and the loss of diversity classes.

I am committed to helping CCSF retain



Photo by Wez Ireland

*Student Body President Shanell Williams has tirelessly defended City College throughout the accreditation crisis.*

its accreditation and make some necessary changes. Now that the “Show Cause” report has been submitted, it is time to keep a close eye on the interim administration as they do their best to implement a dramatic reshaping of our college. I hope that the CCSF I know and love will continue to be here for individuals like me, struggling to find a way toward a bright future in spite of our past. ■



A photograph of an abandoned room, likely a classroom or workshop. The walls are covered in graffiti, including large blue and red letters. A wooden chair is in the foreground, and the floor is littered with debris, including a white container and a bottle. The room appears to be in a state of neglect and disrepair.

# WHAT IF CITY CLOSED?

*After a decade of neglect, the abandoned UC Berkeley Extension campus became an eyesore. Could this become the fate of City College?*

## San Francisco awaits the fate of its college

By Devin Holt and Melody Parker

**A**t the corner of Haight and Buchanan streets, a chain link fence surrounds a college campus that closed 10 years ago. Inside the fence, at what used to be the Laguna Street Campus of UC Berkeley Extension, a small alcove is covered with graffiti. The windows on the front door are broken. Mattresses, piles of stained pillows and cardboard can be seen inside. The walls on the outside are covered with a combina-

tion of peeling beige paint, moss, and mold. The building is an eyesore.

Could this be a glimpse of what City College would look like in a decade if stripped of its accreditation? City College has been operating under the threat of closure since July of 2012, when the Accrediting Commission for Community and Junior Colleges placed it on the highest sanction possible, “show cause.” If its accreditation is yanked, it will lose federal and state funding, and likely

be forced to close. Its fate will be determined next month.

To remain open, the college will have to meet the accrediting commission’s 14 demands. They’re a tough pill to swallow, particularly after the \$53 million in budget cuts that the college has endured over the past three years.

The accreditation commission’s demands would mean cutting teacher salaries, reorganizing academic departments, and





Photo by Dan Figueroa

## ‘If San Francisco is committed to class diversity then it is incumbent on City Hall, and other city leaders, to find a solution to keep City College open to the working class families who can’t afford anything but City College.’

– San Francisco Sheriff Ross Mirkarimi

The accrediting commission currently has sanction against 28 of the 112 community colleges in the state—three of which have “show cause” sanctions.

The controversy has been covered in the San Francisco Chronicle, the Bay Guardian and the Golden Gate Express among other news organizations, including the college’s campus newspaper.

All too often, though, it has been told without recognizing the wider implications of the school’s closure on San Francisco. If City College were to close tomorrow, 85,000 students would be unable to attend class and 2,700 staff and faculty would be laid off.

But the closure of the college would affect more than just the students and staff.

Police officers, firefighters, Muni employees, Rec and Park workers, and the city’s hotel and restaurant workers receive their training and are certified here. The city’s police chief and fire chief both went to City College.

The ESL Department alone helps over 20,000 immigrants learn English, assimilate and compete in the job market (see “Breaking the Language Barrier” on page 22).

The school has trained the city’s working class for generations. If City College were to close, comparable access to education for this sector of the population would be lost.

Enrollments at San Francisco State and the University of San Francisco are less than half that of City College combined. Their tuitions are significantly more expensive.

At San Francisco State, a full-time student’s tuition is more than \$3,000 per semester. At USF, it’s \$20,000 per semester. By comparison, a 12-unit semester at City College costs less than \$600.

Imagine a city that can’t train its own police officers and firefighters... A city that offers no opportunity for a working mom who doesn’t speak English to improve her job skills... One that can’t prepare its own residents to take part in one of the world’s most dynamic economies.

That is San Francisco without City

College.

“City College of San Francisco is too important to fail. It is an institution that informs our identity as San Franciscans,” State Assemblymember Phil Ting (D–San Francisco) said.

“We need to ensure that funding is in place to allow the college to continue providing stellar education to all its students.”

Because of statewide budget cuts, teachers and staff have taken pay cuts across the board, and more are expected in the coming years.

To address the continued loss of funding, Ting is supporting a bill (AB-1199) introduced by State Assembly member Paul Fong (D–Cupertino), which would help stabilize funding to community colleges in California.

City leaders have remained largely silent. There has been little support for the school from City Hall.

The city went to bat for the San Francisco Giants when they threatened to leave if a new stadium was not built, and now appears ready to fund a new facility for the Golden State Warriors on the Embarcadero.

Mayor Ed Lee said he almost cried when the San Francisco 49ers decided to move to Santa Clara, but he has been mostly silent on the prospect of losing City College.

The mayor declined multiple interview requests and did not respond to questions about how the loss of City College would affect San Francisco.

A spokesman for the mayor emailed Etc. a statement lifted from Lee’s State of the City Speech in January, in which the mayor said City College was “too important to our city’s social and economic future,” to close, and that “the city has offered all our expertise to help Chancellor Scott-Skillman and the City College Trustees make the hard choices needed to reform this incredibly important institution.”

But in the ongoing public debate over the fate of the school, the mayor has

shifting the school’s focus from a broader mission of educating the entire community to focusing on churning out more associates degrees and helping students transfer to four-year universities.

“Many of our community colleges are facing significant challenges,” California Community College Chancellor Brice Harris told the City College Board of Trustees in January. “I can assure you, however, that no other community college in the state is in the same peril as City College.”

While few would dispute the chancellor’s assertion that City College is in trouble, it is certainly not alone.





Photo by Dan Figueroa

Hundreds of City College supporters protested at Civic Center in front of City Hall in March.

kept a low profile. He has trumpeted his development projects and championed the the Bay Area's bid to host the 2016 Super Bowl, and the city's fundraising efforts for the America's Cup boat race in August.

He has dubbed the new Warrior's arena his "legacy project."

Part of that legacy may be the loss of the nation's largest community college.

His March 13th press conference to "support City College reform" was cancelled hours before it was scheduled to begin.

San Francisco Sheriff Ross Mirkarimi has been one of the few local officials to speak out about the impact of City College's closure on the city.

"If San Francisco is committed to class diversity, then it is incumbent on City Hall, and other city leaders, to find a solution to keep City College open to the working class families who can't afford anything but City College," Mirkarimi said. "It would be a complete travesty to allow City College to close or even diminish its services more than it already has."

For Mirkarimi, education and rehabilitation go hand in hand.

He pointed to the college's record of educating and training people recently released from the county jail and prison system.

"If San Francisco's ex-offender population

can't continue with their rehabilitation outside of jail, then nobody should be surprised what those repercussions might be," he said.

The closure would have other effects on public safety. Firefighters, EMT's and paramedics are all trained through City College programs.

San Francisco Police Chief Greg Suhr says his desire to become a police officer began at City College.

"I personally know of over 100 officers who came to the San Francisco Police Department from City College," he said. "We would hate to lose such a major producer of quality officers."

San Francisco Fire Chief Joanne Hayes-White, who received her EMT certification through City College, agrees with Suhr.

"We pride ourselves at the San Francisco Fire Department in having a workforce that reflects the community—a diverse workforce. And being able to draw from City College has helped us maintain that diversity. And that might be in jeopardy," she said.

"It would be a significant loss not just to the students but to the entire city if the accreditation didn't work out."

Hayes-White said there is an added benefit to having a locally trained workforce—they already know city procedures, have trained on the fire department's equipment and understand the layout of the city's streets.

James Connors, a former SFFD captain who is now chair of the Fire Science Technology Department at City College, said the implications of the school closing

## SAVE CCSF

Save CCSF is a coalition of students, faculty, union representatives and community members fighting the proposed changes to the school. It was formed in opposition to the sanction, and the lack of student and staff involvement in the Board of Trustees' response. They have generated attention to their cause through rallies, sit-ins and a march on City Hall.

Save CCSF has written a three-point plan calling on City Hall to fill budget gaps at the school, stand up to the accrediting commission and ensure that Proposition A funds are spent on education rather than pension obligations.

Proposition A was a 2012 San Francisco ballot measure that raised property taxes to fund educational needs at City College. It passed with 72.9% of the vote.



## ACCJC

The Accrediting Commission for Community and Junior Colleges is based in Novato, California. It regulates associate degree granting institutions in the western region of the U.S.

The commission lists 18 members and 10 full-time staff on its website. It is funded primarily through the contributions of the public and private schools it regulates. The ACCJC is a private organization, and operates under the corporate entity the Western Association of Schools and Colleges.

The ACCJC receives its authorization to operate through the U.S. Department



are dire.

"We are recognized by the State Fire Marshal's Office as an accredited regional training program," he said.

"If City College were to close, our students would have to go to other schools or they wouldn't be recognized by fire departments that were hiring."

Connors pointed out that not every student is looking for a degree, and that the commission's plan to refocus City College toward providing associate degrees wouldn't benefit many of his students.

"There's all this discussion about student learning outcomes. Now the best possible outcome is for a student to be hired in their field, whether it be horticulture or hospitality," he said.

"But in our case, as far as law enforcement or public safety jobs, the outcome would not see our students hired. We wouldn't be able to help them realize their career goals."

Another place where career goals and public safety overlap is the college's Culinary Department.

San Francisco's Department of Emergency Workers has a plan to use City College culinary students to help prepare meals during emergencies, said Department Chair Tannis Reinhertz, whose program places as many as 200 workers a year in local restaurants.

"Not everybody can get into Benue, or Coi, or Gary Danko, which are some of the places the students intern," she said.

"More often than not, the students are offered a position." This synthesis of civic infrastructure and classroom-to-workplace



Photo by Juan Pardo

*Protestors march across campus during one of the many demonstrations in support of the college.*

training is what the city stands to lose if City College closes or reorganizes to focus strictly on granting degrees.

**I**t was a cold, blustery day in March when the Save CCSF Coalition held their rally at City Hall on the day before the final "show cause" report was due. The wind muffled the voices of the speakers who addressed a crowd of 500 supporters.

Backstage, above the steps to City Hall, gusts of wind snapped an Irish flag back and forth.

Mayor Lee had hung the flag earlier that week, in preparation for his upcoming trip to Ireland. He was going to Cork, Ireland,

for a St. Patrick's Day event, and a bit of golf.

The mayor was also planning to visit New York City and China.

But he did not bother to come downstairs to address the rally just outside his office.

Protesters who entered City Hall hoping to deliver the coalition's three-point plan to the mayor were turned away.

Sheriff Ross Mirkarimi was the only elected official to address the crowd.

Few at the rally believed the college will actually close. Most speakers addressed the concern that it was being gutted in the name of austerity.

Anytime the Lumina Foundation was mentioned, the crowd booed (see sidebar on

## LUMINA

of Education. The Higher Education Opportunity Act of 2008, stipulated that the ACCJC needed to tighten the rules on the community colleges it regulates to maintain its status as an accrediting institution.

The commission currently has sanctions against 28 of the 112 community colleges in California – 3 of which are "show cause" sanctions.

The Lumina Foundation is a private foundation that funds educational research and policy implementation. Its mission is to "increase the proportion of Americans with high-quality degrees, certificates or other credentials to 60 percent by 2025. It developed the Degree Qualification Profile to "illustrate clearly what students should be expected to know and be expected to do once they earn their degrees."

In 2011, the foundation awarded a \$450,000 grant to the ACCJC to explore using the DQP. According to the ACCJC's Fall 2012 newsletter, the goals of the partnership are to "define degree-level

intended student outcomes" and to "explore strategies for improving institutional quality and student outcomes."

The Lumina Foundation was created in July 2000, when USA Group Inc. –parent company to USA Funds, the nation's largest guarantor of student loans at the time–sold its assets to Sallie Mae, a publicly held company that specializes in student loans.



the Lumina Foundation).

From the stage, Alisa Messer, president of the American Federation of Teachers Local 2121, defied the authority of the ACCJC, the Board of Trustees plan, and the notion that City College should shrink to survive.

"We want a college that is a comprehensive college, that is a community college, that serves all of our students," she said.

City College student Eric Blanc told the crowd that lower-income students—particularly people of color—would end up in one of two places if City College closed: private education or prison.

"The people in that building," he yelled, pointing to City Hall, "and the majority of the board and the ACCJC say that we have to make cuts to save City College. Do you agree with that? California is number one in prison spending, but 49th in education spending."

Among the protestors at the rally were members of the ANSWER coalition, UC Berkeley Teachers Union and the Peralta Federation of Teachers. Some were just concerned citizens.

Oakland resident Frank Chu, who seems to show up at every protest rally, said, "I think City College should not close. It should get more funds from City Hall."

He said he benefited greatly from his time at the College of Alameda, Laney, and Merritt community colleges, and wanted to show his support.

Matthew Hardy, Communications Director for United Educators of San Francisco – a K12 teachers union – said, "we're here to support the staff of City College and to send the message that you can't cut your way to a

## 'It would be a complete travesty to allow City College to close or even diminish its services more than it already has.'

– San Francisco Sheriff Ross Mirkarimi

better education for our students."

City College closing is a false premise, he said, adding that the ACCJC's sanction was just a method to "ram through the cuts."

Rammed through or not, the threat of more cuts and outright closure have affected morale at City College.

The Board of Trustees turned in their final report to the accrediting commission on March 15th. Despite the rallies and protests, the report largely acquiesces to the commission's demands.

Now students, teachers and faculty can only wait and wonder what will happen next?

"There won't be a big closed sign on the Ocean campus," said Student Trustee William Walker who was one of few students allowed a seat at the table for board meetings over the past year.

Walker noted that if worse came to worse the school could become an institution under the umbrella of Marin, Contra Costa or San Mateo community college districts.

City College PR consultant Larry Kamer called the idea of merging with another district a last resort.

"We are talking about a doomsday scenario," he said. "Our goal is to fix our problems and stay open as City College of San Francisco and return to full accreditation."

Special Trustee Robert Agrella recently called the final show cause report "significant progress on the part of the institution." However, it's been widely acknowledged that the school couldn't meet all 14 of the accrediting commission's demands in the time given.

Agrella said the most likely outcome for City was an upgrade from "show cause" to probationary status.

If the college does lose accreditation, it would be the only community college in California to lose accreditation since Compton College in 2006.

When Compton College lost its accreditation, it was absorbed into the nearby El Camino Community College District. Almost half of the students did not re-enroll.

Where all those students ended up remains a mystery.

Ann Garten, media relations director for El Camino College in Torrance, told the Guardsman newspaper, "We looked at two or three colleges around Compton, and none of us had a significant increase in students from the Compton district coming here."

If City College closed, would students be willing to commute? Would they be able to? Many students don't own cars.

"I'm not done with my education yet, and I don't have a car to go to some other college like Skyline," said mathematics student Ronoldo Valencia.

If the school closes, Valencia said he would be forced to choose between pursuing an education and staying in San Francisco.

The truth is, nobody can predict the full effects of City College closing because no public college this size has ever closed in California.

What is known is that the city is actively fundraising for a billionaire's yacht race and subsidizing office space for technology companies, while rents in San Francisco are the highest in the country.

The future of the school may be uncertain, but it's clear that San Francisco needs City College. □

– Gina Scialabba contributed to this article

*City College Board of Trustee meetings have become volatile during accreditation hearings.*

Photo by Dan Figueroa







Illustration by Yun So

# A decade in the shadow of Iraq

## *An Army vet reveals the price of war*

By Jacob Davis

**O**n March 19th—the 10th anniversary of the invasion of Iraq—I woke up late again with a soggy T-shirt, courtesy of the racing thoughts and bad dreams that make sure I don’t get much rest.

There never is any rest for the weary.

The ball of dread in the pit of my stomach is exactly where it was in the twilight hours before I fell asleep. This dread—the weight of regret and loss and life—is something I carry on my own, but I’m not the only one bearing the burden.

Nearly 4,500 U.S. troops have been killed in Iraq since the invasion.

Three hundred and forty-nine active duty personnel committed suicide last year. Today, there are more suicides among active duty soldiers than combat deaths. For

the veterans who have returned home, the suicide rate hovers around 22 per day.

For them, the war is over.

But for the 30 percent of veterans from Iraq and Afghanistan diagnosed with PTSD, the war never ends. For their families, it’s just beginning.

I was a Lompoc High School freshman when I saw the twin towers fall. I was just finishing my morning bowl of Kix when I saw the footage on my family’s old wood-paneled Magnavox. I remember thinking: Was the pilot drunk? Did he have a heart attack?

At school, the walls of my first period biology class echoed with paranoia and concern. Was this an attack? Since we lived in the shadow of Vandenberg Air Force Base’s Minuteman missile and aerospace

projects, we wondered if we would be next.

The news stations became 24/7 beacons of fear and facts and faces. America’s reaction was mixed between anger, grief and fear. Our reaction was swift. A month later we were in Afghanistan.

By March 19, 2003, our war effort transformed into a crusade. The next chapter in the global war on terror was about to begin.

A month before my 16th birthday, I saw news coverage of the “shock and awe” campaign. As we bombed Iraq in preparation for the invasion, I watched Baghdad burn through the green glow of night vision.

In 2005, shortly after graduating from high school, I joined the Army. I had no direction and few options in life. I was in love and wanted to get married. I wanted to do my part for my country. I wanted to





Illustration by Anthony Mata

know what was real in the news and in life.

I joined the infantry, a boys club fueled by testosterone, legend and grabassery. I drank the Kool-Aid. I was going to be a steadfast killer for God and country. I was going to win the war.

At the age of 19, I had been married a

The Iraq I encountered was hot, tense, and dangerous. We played a high-stakes cat-and-mouse game with Jaish al-Mahdi (JAM), the Shiite militia that controlled Baghdad. We would go out on missions at night, attempting to kill or capture high-value targets (HVT), but it was anyone's guess

killed, their homes and lives invaded and destroyed.

In April, my platoon was called to support a special forces unit that was on an HVT mission. Bearded men with high-speed gear, they didn't wear nametape or identifying patches, but some wore batting gloves and boots that had to have been designed for war on Mars. They were heavy-hitters.

Somehow, during the events of the evening and early morning, a member of the unit shot a kid in the chest. Dragged into the courtyard, he left a pool of blood that I would slip on hours later. I remember his grieving family carrying his lifeless body on a rug around the front yard.

I accompanied my platoon leader as he tried to sort the whole mess out. We learned the unit was in the wrong house. They killed the kid and left. We had to do damage control... treat the family as if nothing happened... take pictures of the scene...

## For the 30 percent of veterans from Iraq and Afghanistan diagnosed with PTSD, the war never ends. For their families, it's just beginning.

year when I received orders to deploy to east Baghdad. I arrived at FOB Rustamiyah in February 2007 in a Chinook helicopter. The surge had just begun.

The following year was lost somewhere in the dust and muck of Al-Jadida and Fedhailia districts of Baghdad.

I had no idea what I was getting into.

who would be getting got.

We were hunting men in their natural habitat. We had training, gear and a grass-roots intelligence system. They had support from the community, unconventional tactics and the power of their beliefs. We killed or captured many more than we lost. A lot of civilians were caught in the middle: arrested,



take pictures of the kid.

As we left the courtyard, I looked to my right and saw two columns of elite soldiers hauling ass toward us. I watched as they set up a hasty cordon around the house to my right. One team breached the gate and climbed ladders to the roof. They proceeded to clear the building from the top down, and after a series of loud bangs and a couple of booms, three detainees were brought outside and slammed into a wall. This was the right house.

Several tricked-out Stryker vehicles moved in. An interpreter, dressed in an Army combat uniform and carrying an unconventional Makarov pistol, dismounted and sauntered toward the detainees. He put a hand on the shoulder of the man to the far left and whispered something in his ear. He let the words settle for a few moments before slapping him around and screaming at him in Arabic.

While this was going on, one of the bearded soldiers popped into my platoon sergeant's Humvee. He took out a big plastic bag and started fingering through a wad of hundred-dollar bills while looking at the gunner.

"Five thousand is enough for a dead kid, right?"

Business as usual. Pay off the family, mount up and call it good. Another Baghdad morning. Another day, another dollar.

Fast forward 11 months. After three men in my platoon were killed. After another died in the burn ward of an Army hospital. After the "Lord of the Flies"-style transformation of my company.

After six months of relative peace from Muqtada al-Sadr's cease fire, incidents like these pile up until one finally breaks the camel's back.

Having witnessed extreme poverty and human suffering, largely due to our presence, I can't say that I was surprised when JAM came at us with everything they had.

We took contact everywhere we went. Supplies couldn't get through due to the ungodly number of explosively formed penetrators (EFPs) that were armed and ready to take life and limb.

We ran out of food at our combat outpost. We were almost out of water. We were still going out on missions without a log-pack, running on fumes and the few

remaining Otis Spunkmeyer muffins that we had stashed away. The other companies in my battalion were worse off.

On March 30th, 2008, hours before the sun rose, we were ordered to extract a nearby platoon under siege. During the long troop movement and ensuing firefight, we killed dozens of Mahdi militia. One guy in our unit later received an award for valor. The platoon that was under siege returned with two of their comrades in body bags.

As we returned to the base, we passed the charred remains of the new market on Route Florida, which once symbolized our progress in rebuilding this section of Baghdad. A tracer had hit a generator while a gunner was engaging the enemy hiding behind concrete barriers – barriers we had placed months earlier to keep the population safe from suicide bombings.

I thought back to the images of "shock and awe" as I scanned rooftops through the dim glow of my night vision on that cool spring morning. Years later I would find out that we were in the middle of the last major battle of the war. How poetic.

It's been five years since that mission. I still remember the hazy sunrise before the chaos of our return to base. The soft pink light and the empty streets. The rocket propelled grenade and Russian machine gun attack at dawn. My buttocks making

Somehow, during the events of the evening and early morning, a member of the unit shot a kid in the chest. Dragged into the courtyard, he left a pool of blood that I would slip on hours later.

a diamond when the turret on my mine-resistant ambush-proof vehicle broke.

And the other missions that I can't keep from replaying in my head.

Scenes like these have colored my world since returning home five years ago. I left a teenager and came back a shadow of myself.

I went through a divorce. I was involuntarily hospitalized and have gone through the VA gauntlet of PTSD treatment. War changed me. I wrote this piece to describe my war experiences and how they have shaped me.

But what about the dead kid's family? What about the families of the nearly 180,000 Iraqis who have been killed?

When will we hear from the families forced from their homes by death squads or



Photo by David Ventura

*Jacob Davis served in the Army in Iraq for two years during the surge.*

from the people living in houses made out of industrial size plastic bags, their homes destroyed by American bombs?

When I look back on the last 10 years of this war, I remember the military screw-ups and cover-ups. The whole war was a screw-up.

When I came home in 2008, I hid. Everyone and their mother wanted to express their opinion about the war and I kept my mouth

shut. Now, I feel like nobody wants to talk about it.

Soldiers and the people of Iraq paid the price while most Americans seem content to cast a blind eye on a war that was recently declared over. It makes it easier to enjoy Starbucks, reality TV and the latest Apple products. All of which was made possible by the military industrial complex. And oil. And a lot of sacrifice on the part of a few.

You're welcome.  
Don't thank me. □

# SUNNYDALE

## Revisiting the Projects

*A writer reflects on her childhood in the ‘Swamps’*

By Mintoy Tillman & Photographs by David Ventura

When people ask where I grew up and I reply that I'm from Sunnydale, I sometimes get weird looks.

When Sunnydale shows up in the media, which isn't often, it is almost always related to violence and crime. There are a lot of stereotypes about life in the projects.

There's the single-mother household. The poor, the uneducated, the underprivileged. The drug addict. The criminal. The lazy person who refuses to improve his or her living situation.

I wouldn't say these stereotypes are completely false, but they're not completely true either.

Most San Franciscans never see Sunnydale at all, unless they are on their way to the nearby Cow Palace. Even fewer will ever know about my Sunnydale. It's a place where people are resourceful and self-reliant, but take care of one another. Where people are proud of what they have and share with the community. It's a place that made me strong, wise and determined.

Sunnydale is San Francisco's largest housing project. It sits on 50 acres in Visitation Valley, in the southeastern corner of the city. There are 785 housing units and approximately 1,700 residents. Unlike high-rise housing projects elsewhere in the city, Sunnydale is made up of one-

four-bedroom houses, a few parking lots and two convenience stores.

It was built as temporary housing for military personnel and their families during World War II. In the seven decades since, there has been little development, but a lot has changed. It has become one of the most dangerous parts of the city. In 2012, there were 10 homicides in Sunnydale. That is nearly 600 homicides per 100,000 people. The national average is 5.3 per 100,000, according to the latest statistics from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

I was about 10 when I witnessed my first shooting, a few blocks from my house. I ran home so fast that I wasn't around to see the results. A year later, I was spraying a snowman stencil on my bedroom window when I heard gunshots just outside. I dropped to the floor and crawled to the hall, calling for my mother. My parents ran to get my baby sister, who was playing near the front door. We'd heard stories of children hit by stray bullets penetrating the thin project walls. It took over an hour for police to arrive. Our neighbors gathered outside. That day I saw my first dead body; our neighbor was lying in the parking lot just a few feet from our car, which had bullet holes in the driver door. We cried. We were shocked. He was a young man who had just moved in with his girlfriend and daughter. The image stayed in



my head for years and it's a memory I will never forget.

But it wasn't always like that. Not by a long shot. Most of the time, when I think back to the years I lived in Sunnydale, I wish I could go back to those days.

I remember my mom cramming up to five of the neighborhood kids into her small car each morning to take us to Guadalupe Elementary. I remember spending time after school playing kickball and making up dance routines with friends so close they felt like family. I remember the feeling of accomplishment and the cut up hands and legs after my friend Zaytara and





*The author returns to Coffman Pool Playground in Sunnydale, where as a child she played with friends after swimming classes.*

I slid down the concrete hill of Blythdale Street on garbage-can lids.

Some of my favorite memories are from the 4th of July. We would take a trip to Tanforan Mall in San Bruno to buy fireworks, trying to have the best display on the block. There were BBQ pits and kiddie pools, super-soakers and getting sprayed with the hose. To this day, it's my favorite holiday.

Then there were the little businesses. As kids we would visit the candy house, a small candy store residents would make in their home. When I was seven, my family started our own candy house. I would sneak candy

and soda into my room late at night, and bring it to school almost every day, until I got in trouble for selling it to other kids during lunch.

My mother would get her hair braided every couple of months by a neighbor down the hill. There were mechanics who would fix your car for a low price. People knew how to profit from their skills by providing the community with many of the conveniences it lacked. I learned a lot from this attitude.

We made the best of what we had. Living in the projects, there was always hope that someone would eventually fix the place

up. There were many promises made that never came to light—the remodeling of our building, a new playground, new paint and the installation of a shower in each unit.

A trial remodeling resulted in a single building being fixed up before the plan was stopped. Everyone saw the improvements made to that one building on Santos Street. As a child, I wondered why our building wasn't getting redone. I guess these improvements were too much for the city to afford.

We made the best of the home we had on Blythdale Street. My father painted my room pink. It had bunk beds and pink lace curtains. When someone on the block got



cable TV, we all did, thanks to some creative wiring.

I didn't see much of the negative. But my parents and grandmother did. Recently, I asked my mother how she felt about living in Sunnydale years ago. "It was like living in prison, it was like hell," she said. I wondered how she could feel that way.

"Back in the 80s, my sisters and I used to go to parties over there. We were teens. It wasn't that bad back then," she said. When I think of Sunnydale I remember some of the best years of my life. I had a family, I had real friends and everything seemed so simple. As a child, I didn't understand much of what was going on. I thought everything was fine. Normal.

At the time, I was frustrated when my mother didn't let me leave the back porch or walk to the Brentwood convenience store with my friends for candy and snacks. I didn't understand back then, but I do now.

My grandmother had lived with her children in projects in Hunter's Point and

Potrero Hill as well as Sunnydale. "I never liked staying in the projects for a long time," she said. "That's why I would move out whenever I was able to." My aunts lived in Valencia Gardens and other projects too. I didn't see anything wrong with living in the projects, and I still don't.

Not long after our neighbor was shot, my family moved to San Mateo, leaving the house we'd lived in together for twelve

**It's a place where people are resourceful and self-reliant, but take care of one another. Where people are proud of what they have and share with the community.**

years. I missed the projects for years and wondered how I could fit in to my new suburban environment.

San Mateo was less diverse. The people I met seemed afraid of change, afraid of anything strange or out of the ordinary. They seemed judgmental. How would I find new friends to relate to? Could I ever be happy anywhere else?

For a long time, loud sounds would make me paranoid, afraid of a shooting. Some of my new friends found this funny. I worried that I would carry this fear for the rest of my life. But I grew out of it. I learned to turn my past experiences into positives, to become aware of my surroundings and proud of where I come from.

It's tough to accept that many of the friends I had in Sunnydale, who I played with, fought with and shared with, are gone and I will never see them again. People I cared about died over nonsense. Sometimes it was over an argument, sometimes a wrong-place, wrong-time situation. In other instances we would

never find out. There are times when I've hated the projects for this reason.

Other friends have moved on and moved out of Sunnydale. It's like once you move out you don't really go back. It's been 13 years since my family moved out of Sunnydale, but it will always have a place in my heart. No matter what I read in the paper, I still consider it my first home. □

*Mintoy walks with her younger sister, Brittney Wilson, down Blythdale Street in Sunnydale where they lived as children.*







Photo by Leslie Calderon

*Heidi Chan, a mother of two, worked evenings at Mission campus to put her children through college.*

# A Mother's Mission

*Custodian teaches her children and students that hard work pays off*

By Christine Hikaru Nishite

Every school day, roughly 8,000 students cycle through City College's Mission Campus. Sneakers squeak on freshly mopped floors and elbows lean on dustless desks. Twice a day, the 198,000 square foot campus is scrubbed and polished by a team of four custodians.

The second floor and lobby of the west building are maintained by Heidi Chan. She's a small woman with a big smile who exchanges hellos with students as they filter out of classrooms.

She's a woman who believes in the value of education. After taking language, custodial and citizenship classes at City College in the 90s, she has been working full-time as a custodian in San Francisco.

In that time she and her husband worked, saved and sent their daughter through UC Davis with no loans. Their son takes pride in paying his own way at City College.

Six days a week, Heidi takes the 29 bus to

the 24th and Mission Street stop and walks to campus. Her workday begins at 4 p.m. She cleans the bathrooms, sweeps the floors and dusts the tables in each classroom before her 30-minute lunch break. She eats in a tiny office on the second floor. Her home-cooked dinners usually consist of rice and vegetables or meat.

After classes adjourn for the night, she cleans each classroom again. She listens to 90s Cantonese pop songs through ear-buds as she works late into the night. Faye Wong and Aaron Kwok are her favorites.

At 12:30 a.m., she carools home with her coworker, Rene. Though Heidi got her drivers license in 1987 and continues to renew it, she admits that she's only driven once or twice in her life.

"A car would cost too much money," she says.

Born in Canton, China and raised in Hong Kong from the age of 2, Heidi moved to San Francisco in 1985 with her older brother, Jim, and younger sister Connie.

Her brother moved them to Chinatown, where they had some distant relatives. Their first residence was in a basement. The remainder of their siblings, Cathy and Vicky, would move to San Francisco in the mid-90s.

"There was no freedom in Hong Kong so people tried to go out," Connie said. "Hong Kong was too stressful...(you) have to work super hard, sometimes 12 hours a day."

Jim now owns a restaurant in Huntsville, Texas. The others have stayed in San Francisco. Connie became a dental assistant, Cathy works for the Employment Development Department and Vicky is a housekeeper. Their parents followed their children's footsteps and have been living in San Francisco since 1995.

Heidi has returned to Hong Kong several times since emigrating. On her first trip back, in 1986, she married her longtime boyfriend, Charles. The newlyweds returned to San Francisco and moved into the Oceanview neighborhood, where they





Photo by Leslie Calderon

*Heidi Chan immigrated from Hong Kong in 1985 and now lives with her family in Oceanview.*

still live.

Later that year, Heidi enrolled in an ESL program in Chinatown and began work as a seamstress at the O'Neill factory on 3rd & 16th Streets. She pieced together wetsuits, a tough job that required all her strength.

"Each piece was very heavy and tall and difficult to put together," she said.

While working at the factory, she enrolled in CCSF's Main Train program. For six months, she took a Basic English Learning class after work and then enrolled in a semester-long custodial training program. The program taught her to operate machines, handle chemicals and learn safety procedures. After taking an American citizenship class at City College, Heidi officially became a U.S. citizen in 1997.

When the O'Neill Factory closed, she took her custodial skills to work at the historic Fairmont Hotel in Nob Hill. In 2001, she began working for the San Francisco Unified School District. In 2004, she took a job at the Ocean Campus of City College. She started working at the Mission Campus five years ago, when it reopened after renovations.

Although the facilities are newer, Heidi believes the Mission Campus is dirtier than the Ocean Campus. She says that homeless people often use the bathrooms to bathe and sometimes throw up or defecate on the floor. Heidi can only clean up after them. She can never tell them to leave.

However, she sees a change for the better in cleanliness on campus since she started. She cites the presence of recycling and composting bins as a key element in reducing litter and filth.

She likes working for City and says, "I can work every day. It is very consistent and stable."

Heidi's least favorite task is mopping because it causes pain in her shoulders. Aches are inevitable given the physical nature of the work, so she goes to Chinatown once a month for acupuncture and a massage.

Heidi's husband is also a custodian and works for the city of Oakland.

Strict money management allowed the couple to send their daughter Jasmine, now 24, to UC Davis. Jasmine now works for a law firm. She hopes to put her bachelor's degree in international relations to use teaching English in Japan, where she studied abroad as an undergraduate.

Their 21-year-old son, Jonathan, currently studies financial accounting at City College. He tries to pay for his tuition himself so his parents can spend money elsewhere.

Growing up, he noticed his parents practicing strict money-management skills.

Heidi and her husband began saving money for college when their children were in high school. They were able to save tens of thousands of dollars in four short years. Their strategy remains to save little by little.

"They try to conserve as much money as possible," Jonathan says. Family vacations didn't come often. He remembers a trip to Disneyland and a cruise to Mexico but few others.

Although both parents worked at different times of day, Jonathan says at least one of them was always home with him and his sister. If his mother could not stay for dinner, she would make meals for her family before leaving for work.

When Heidi does not work, she stays home to watch Chinese dramas, takes walks outside or grocery shops for her family. When time permits, She also enjoys gardening because it relaxes her. She no longer plants vegetables because she can't fend off mice and birds; however, she enjoys planting flowers. "If it has flowers, it's ok. I'm happy," she says.

On weekends, she sometimes accompanies her husband and children to Grace Evangelical Free Church.

Heidi estimates her retirement will begin around age 65, but that plan might be changing. As a side effect of cuts to education in the California budget, her workday was shortened by 30 minutes, meaning she no longer works a full-time, 40 hour week.

Despite these changes she is not afraid to lose her job, trusting that her employer will transfer her to other locations if need be.

She hasn't decided on her post-retirement plans, though she would like to do some sort of volunteer work.

"I don't want to be bored," she says. □



Photo by Juan Prado

*Chan enjoys gardening before starting her shift as a custodian at the Mission Campus.*





# Time traveling to Cuba

Photo Essay by Wez Ireland

**I**t was only a matter of time before my wife took me to visit her native land, Cuba. As a British national, I didn't have to worry about the Americans must navigate when trying to enter their Caribbean island neighbor. At the closest point, Cuba lies just 92 miles south of Florida. Still, from the moment we disembarked, I couldn't shake the feeling that we'd made a journey back in time.

We planned an action-packed trip over nine days. Starting in the capital, Havana, to visit extended family, we bussed cross-country to Santiago, the country's second city, over 500 miles away.

We made several stops, including the central city of Trinidad, a UNESCO World Heritage site founded in 1514.

In the downtown of Trinidad life bustles around grand, stone buildings erected when Cuba was a stopping point for the Spanish en route to the Central and South American mainland, years before the legendary clash between Cortez and Montezuma, and a century before the first British colonies in the New World.

In Las Tunas, at the bus station, my wife and I chatted with a man who unabashedly described himself as a pimp from Havana, touring the countryside to recruit workers. He directed our attention to a suitcase stocked with designer jeans, cologne, electronics and other sundries for sale, beaming with entrepreneurial gusto.

Cuba is a time when: children can walk to school by themselves in the morning, and play on the street until the sun goes down... people reap what they sow. Sharecropping is a common pastime, securing nutrition for families and fodder for trade... elders are queried for wisdom and stories that have passed through generations... ancient American automobiles rumble over cobbled streets laid for the passage of Spanish adventurers on horseback... the descendants of Spanish invaders, African slaves and indigenous survivors mingle and seem to live out Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream to a degree not yet realized in the country's giant northern neighbor. ◻



*Above: Trinidad's cobblestone streets were originally designed for horse and carriage.*

*Top: A neglected building in Old Havana predates the Cuban Revolution.*





*Above: University students return from school on the streets of Santiago de Cuba.*

*Right: Men play dominoes below a street lamp in the town of Trinidad.*

*Below: A local musician entertains tourists at a central plaza in Santiago de Cuba.*







A journey to a place where the streets are over 400 years old and a warm blend of Spanish and African cultures permeates the atmosphere.

*Above: Classic cars, called 'yank tanks,' are a common sight on the streets of Havana.*

*Left: Citizens of Santiago wait in line to convert their money into pesos.*

*Center Left: A view from the Ministry of Public Defense building in Havana.*





*Produce stands scattered throughout the city make it easy for students to eat affordable, home-cooked meals.*

# Healthy options for hungry students

## *The culinary department weighs in on the obesity crisis*

By Melody Parker & Photographs by Erin Chow

**C**ity College students say they don't have enough time or money to cook healthy food. In San Francisco, where quality ingredients can be found at produce markets across the city, the excuse just doesn't hold up. Instructors in the college's culinary arts and hospitality department agree that convenience and price do not need to triumph over food quality. They say that all students need is a little advanced planning.

Claire Muller-Moseley, a nutrition

specialist and instructor at CCSF, said students who don't make a habit of cooking may become part of a major problem spanning American culture: obesity.

"It's a public health problem, the obesity that we have in this country," she said. The Journal of the American Medical Association recently reported that 68.8 percent of Americans are overweight or obese based on the Body Mass Index. Muller-Moseley believes the figure will increase to 75 percent in the next five years. Major health

problems associated with obesity include cardiovascular disease and stroke, diabetes and cancer.

The "obesity epidemic" has garnered a lot of attention in recent years, notably from First Lady Michelle Obama, who has made childhood obesity her signature concern. Bloomberg Businessweek estimates that Americans currently spend \$40 million a year on diet products like books and pills.

Fad diets often recommend drastic changes in eating habits, but are notorious



for leading to yo-yo weight loss and gain. Muller-Moseley and other City College instructors think the solution is much simpler.

“Meat is not a good center-piece for diet. The bottom line is we all eat too much primary protein,” Muller-Moseley said. The proper portion of meat is the size of a deck of cards, or three ounces, cooked.

Muller-Moseley’s proposal is different from popular, protein-rich fad diets like Atkins and Paleo that eliminate carbohydrates in favor of animal proteins.

Trin Tran, a City College instructor with a doctorate in nutrition biology, said “chronic intake of high protein increases the burden on the kidneys and may lead to decreased renal function over time.” The kidneys have trouble filtering excess protein, which can lead to health issues.

Michael Embry, a CCSF culinary student in his 60s, weighs in on meat portions from behind the counter at the Mediterranean Café on Ocean campus. “I’ll never get rid of meat but I can scale it back. If you start younger it’s great for your health,” he said.

Chef instructors Keith Hammerich and Vince Paratore both brought up the “French paradox” when asked about the tension between food price and quality that many students encounter. They said the French traditionally cook with a lot of butter and oil yet remain thinner and with less incidence of cardiovascular disease than Americans.

One reason is that the French choose to eat a smaller amount of higher quality food than Americans. Hammerich believes it could also be due to the leisurely eating style of the French, when the goal in every meal isn’t to consume a set number of calories, but to prioritize taking time to eat food and enjoy every bite.

“When they sit down to a meal, they are relaxing, enjoying it. It’s not something you shove in your mouth in five minutes to get back to work,” Hammerich said. “I think that plays an important role in your digestion and how you take in nutrients.”

Muller-Moseley agreed, adding that stomach acids and digestive enzymes respond to stress.

“We are standing like pigs in a trough half of the time,” she said. “A calm emotional environment really benefits digestion.”

On top of contributing to better health, cooking can reduce students’ food budget



*Chef instructor Keith Hammerich, whose father was also a chef at City College, encourages students to slow down enough to enjoy their food.*

dramatically, especially if they are careful to buy only healthy, unprocessed foods.

Muller-Moseley emphasized the importance of demystifying food preparation.

“If you can read and follow instructions, you can cook,” Muller-Moseley said.

For those who are curious, cooking turns out to be much easier and faster than studying for an exam or writing an essay. Cooking in small groups with friends is fun and eases the intimidation factor.

**‘We are standing like pigs in a trough half the time. A calm emotional environment really benefits digestion.’**

*– Nutritionist and instructor,  
Claire Muller-Moseley*

Instead of trying to cram in time to cook during the week, students should spend an hour or two on the weekend making their food for the week. This is less than cooking for a half hour every day or even spending 15 minutes twice each day eating out.

“We’ve been conditioned over the last forty years to think that we don’t know what food is,” Paratore said. “Eating a fresh vegetable versus something out of a package. What nonsense is that?”

“Salsas are great, relishes are great, especially with some heat like jalapeño.

Watermelon is great with tomatoes or papayas,” Hammerich recommended.

“We are talking about just real, regular food,” Paratore said.

Though the term has been co-opted by a successful and often pricey grocery chain, whole food is a simple concept that Paratore thinks students should apply to cooking cheap, healthy meals. It refers to food in its complete form before processing and packaging.

“I think people are making mistakes by eating processed foods,” he said. “I don’t go out of my way to create special diets. I go out of my way to avoid processed foods. And I don’t even have to go out of my way anymore.”

San Francisco is an ideal place for even cash-strapped, time-pressed students to eat well. Muller-Moseley encourages her students to avoid major grocery chains. She thinks it’s better to take advantage of the many farmers’ markets and small produce stands that pepper the city, “especially those with a wider diversity of ethnic foods such as grains and legumes, whole grain breads—things that other cultures still value,” she said. “And it’s not more expensive, it’s less.”

“We need to practice a little bit of common sense when it comes to food. Why is it a surprise that consuming vast amounts of sugar and processed foods is causing obesity in this country? Is that a shock?” Paratore asked. □





# Breaking the language barrier

*Guanhao Situ had been working as a busboy, but the language skills he learned at City College helped him become a waiter.*

## *City's ESL Department makes dreams come true*

By Devin Holt & Photographs by Dan Figueroa

**D**uring his shift at Kome in Daly City, Guanhao Situ moves quickly. He brings tea faster than a guest can wash their hands in the restroom. When the meal is over, he removes the plates, bowls, glasses and chopsticks with a few quick movements. The table is cleaned for the next customer in less than thirty seconds. But Situ struggled with the phrase, "Are you ready for your bill?"

The crowd at the Kome is diverse and predominantly Asian, but English is the language that ties everyone together. So when he's not busy working, Situ can be found improving his language skills in the City College English as a Second Language Department.

"We have to speak English to the customers," he said. Without good English, Situ said he would end up washing dishes, or in the kitchen. "I was two days in the kitchen," he said. "That was enough."

Situ is still a long way from fluent, but his studies at the downtown campus have paid off—he was recently promoted. "I'm a part time bus boy, and a part time waiter," he said. "One night, I used English to talk to some customers for a long time." When the manager noticed, Situ was allowed to start taking shifts as a waiter.

Stories like this, of small but tangible results, abound among the students of the ESL Department.

Teaching English to non-native speakers is an issue throughout the United States.

Since his re-election, President Obama has consistently championed ESL programs as a necessary part of any immigration reform.

For many immigrants in San Francisco, the City College ESL Department will be their first stop.

The ESL Department is City College's largest by far. With 18,000 non-credit students, 2,500 credit students, literacy programs and a few hundred students in the intensive International Student Program, nearly 25 percent of students at City College are enrolled in an ESL class. The department has about 230 faculty—recently cut back from 250—who teach ESL at 8 of the school's 11 campuses. The teachers at each campus report to their campus coordinators, and the campus coordinators report to elected



Department Chair Gregory Keech.

Once a week, on Wednesdays, the campus coordinators meet with the department chair to address concerns and check in with what's working and what's not.

The room in Batmale Hall where they meet is cramped, not because the room is small, but because it's so full. Along one side is a large copy machine, in the middle is a wooden table, and on the other side a bookshelf runs the length of the wall. The windows in this room—and in Keech's office next door—face the south, and when the sun is out an oppressive heat grips the room.

Before the meeting starts, the coordinators trade jokes between bites of brownies and Mandarin oranges.

Everyone at the meeting is a classroom teacher, in addition to duties as chair, coordinator or resource instructor. This gives them a common "on the ground" level of knowledge about students' needs that would be impossible without leaving an office. They speak with a contagious passion about their jobs, students and the diversity of the ESL Department.

At one such meeting in February, the coordinator for the Mission campus, Lisa Wagner, said that her campus has one of the largest evening programs. She said the students are older parents during the day and younger people with jobs at night.

Robin Mackey, John Adams campus chair, spoke about the vocational programs that ESL feeds into. Students with an ESL level of 2 or higher can take vocational classes in nursing, health information technology, child development or business. The levels in the noncredit program are based on state model standards. Beginning is 1-4, intermediate is 5-8 and advanced is nine.

"Some of them have qualifications from their home countries, but they need the terminology for the other programs, like nursing, business or computers," Mackey said. Her campus also has the Welcome Back Center, for people with backgrounds in medicine in their home countries to learn enough English to practice here.

Erin Lofthouse is in charge of the credit program at Ocean campus. The credit program is for students who want to transfer to a four-year university, or get an academic certificate. Lofthouse said it also

serves adults who need to get a high school diploma or GED, as well as high school students.

"We get a lot of high school students in the ESL program. Students who have only been here for a year or two," she said. Under concurrent enrollment, juniors and seniors in S.F. high schools can take credit classes for free at City College if they maintain a 2.0 GPA and get parental and counselor permission.

Every teacher at the meeting emphasized a love for the diversity they encounter while teaching ESL. Robin Mackey said it's common to have 25 languages spoken in a class of 40 students. Carole Glanzer, who chairs the Civic Center campus, said that in a class of 30 students there were 15 countries represented.

Gregory Keech compared the ESL student experience to how a westerner moving to China might feel.

## **The ESL Department is City College's largest by far. With 18,000 non-credit and 2,500 credit students, nearly 25 percent of the college is enrolled in an ESL class.**

"I like to say: Imagine you're in Beijing. You have no Chinese," he said. Now imagine you work full time—maybe at two jobs—take language classes at night with 30 to 50 other people, and you need to be fluent to function. "How long would it take you?" He asked.

That's the challenge his students face.

San Franciscans are proud of their city's diversity and welcoming attitude towards immigrants. We were the nation's first sanctuary city—city workers are not allowed to assist federal officials in most immigration cases—and over a quarter of our residents are foreign born. Since the Gold Rush, people have come to San Francisco to chase dreams, find themselves and escape discrimination.

Lupita Sanchez moved to San Francisco from Mexico in 1988. She spoke almost no English and could only afford to live in a small apartment in the Tenderloin. "I was afraid to communicate with doctors, nurses, specialists, medical assistants and, of course, clients who just speak English," she said.

At the time, she worked as a janitorial supervisor. Her starting wage was \$4.25 an hour. "It was too hard," she said. "We cleaned Banana Republic, the Gap, all of those stores."

Without good English, it was the only job she could find. In 1994, Sanchez enrolled in the ESL program at City College. She credits this with her success. "With English, I can have a different type of work," she said.

Sanchez has started multiple businesses and has won two awards for women in leadership: from La Raza Centro Legale and Alternativas para Latinas en Autosuficiencia. At the ceremony for her LRCL award she was photographed with then-Mayor Willie Brown.

But Sanchez said her greatest accomplishment is her children. She took care of her sons Emmanuel, Carlos and Daniel after their father was shot near the public housing units on Cesar Chavez Street. He survived, but spent several years too sick to work.

"I was the only one to support my family," she said. "I looked at my kids, and I said, 'I have to go back to work.'" Through all of the hard times, Sanchez looked to her children for inspiration, and CCSF's ESL program to

help her get ahead. Something she said is unique to San Francisco.

"I have friends in places like New York and Chicago—they have to pay for classes, they don't have this opportunity," she said.

Sanchez is back at City College now, because she wants to start another business, either a restaurant or bakery. But the ESL Department—like the rest of City College—is in danger of closing or downsizing drastically. For students like Situ and Sanchez, this could mean the end of their studies. Sanchez says this is not an option. Learning English is essential to starting her next business.

"You can get many things with English," she said. "It's the only way you can be successful."

Not everyone is chasing the American Dream as ambitiously as Sanchez, but they still need English to take part in the San Francisco economy and wider community.

Guanghao Situ never wanted to leave China. He came to San Francisco with his parents when a family member sponsored his father. Situ misses the open space in Kai





*Lupita Sanchez says City College's ESL program has enabled her to start her own businesses.*

Ping, the small village in Guangdong where he was born, and finds his current home in Chinatown too crowded.

Eventually, he wants to move to the countryside again, or to a less crowded city in the U.S. He has an aunt in Las Vegas that says she can help him get a job dealing blackjack, but he doesn't want to leave his parents. His father is unemployed and speaks no English, while his mother knows only a little and works as a dishwasher. They rely on Situ for translation.

"I still worry about them because they depend on me, for sending checks, reading letters or anything outside of Chinatown," he said.

Situ has been spending more time away from Chinatown. Even though he lives less than a block from the Chinatown campus, he takes ESL classes downtown. He prefers learning with people from other cultures and countries, and says that the Chinatown campus isn't as diverse. Situ doesn't want to end up like his parents, who are uncomfortable leaving the neighborhood.

A visit to one of Situ's classes offers a snapshot of those other cultures and countries. The students hail from Spain, France, Belarus, China, Japan, Thailand, Nicaragua, Mexico and other places. The young and the old study together, and each class is full. Some of the students were nervous about speaking to a reporter, but warmed up with a little encouragement from their teacher, Ann Fontanella.

"You guys, this is a great thing they are

doing," she said to the reluctant class. After one hand went up, there were several.

Many students explained how City College connects them to the wider community. Usha Chattopadhyaya, whose husband is an Indian diplomat, said that ESL classes helped her adjust to life in the U.S. "When people say City College is going to close, it scares me," she said. "I will be sitting at home doing nothing."

Because of City College, Chattopadhyaya said, "I feel connected to the city; it belongs to me also. Otherwise, I will feel culture shock."

Several non-credit students spoke of the role ESL classes play in their degree track programs. Marwa Tebassi, a young, headscarved woman from Tunisia, said she wouldn't be able to finish her nursing program without the ESL classes.

"It's like the first gateway to your life at City College," she said.

A working knowledge of English is undeniably a gateway into the city's economy. It affords new arrivals the ability to make a dignified living, take advantage of the nation's highest minimum wage, collect benefits and position themselves to ascend the career ladder. Many of those careers begin in hospitality.

A room at the Holiday Inn at Fisherman's Wharf costs anywhere between \$175 and \$400 per night. The hotel operates a gift shop, fitness center, restaurant, bar and swimming pool. Its director of human resources, Sonya Jauregui, said that CCSF's

ESL Department was an important part of her business.

"The hotel industry is the number one revenue-producer in the city," she said, "I think for it not to be funded or continued would be insane because these are the workers in the hotel industry. It would be a huge loss." Human Resources Coordinator Fanny Chan, who works under Jauregui, was hired after studying ESL at City.

The rooms at the Holiday Inn might be expensive, but some of that money is trickling down to workers. Employees get insurance benefits including fully-paid medical, dental and vision for working 20 hours a week.

"Hotel jobs for people with English as a second language—if they have some basic language skills—they're good, high-paying entry level jobs," Jauregui said. She also warned, "I can't hire someone that doesn't speak any English."

Debra Higa, H.R. Director for the Starwood Hotel Group, which manages The Palace, Saint Regis and the W hotels, stressed the importance of English for all of their staff.

"It's important for guest satisfaction, safety if they're dealing with chemicals, and their own career development," she said. "To move up within the union you need English. To move from dishwasher to dishwashing supervisor, or from housekeeping to housekeeping supervisor, they need English language skills."

Like Jauregui, Higa said that job opportunities were limited for applicants that don't have basic English language skills.

"Our housekeeping staff talk to the guests a lot," she said. "I don't think we could hire people if they didn't have any English."

Another place to see the importance of learning English is nestled between Oil Can Henry's and the Sightglass Coffee Bar on 7th Street in SOMA.

The door at the Mission Hiring Hall is covered in chipped, green paint and faded graffiti. It's unassuming and, like many of the service and construction workers that come here to find employment, it's easy to miss if you don't know it's there.

From within these offices, Construction Program Manager Miquel "Mick" Penn helps to administer CityBuild, which trains San Francisco residents for the construction industry. The program is run as a partnership between the Mayor's Office of Economic and Workforce Development,



City College Evans Campus, the Laborers' Apprenticeship Program, Mission Hiring Hall and Charity Cultural Services Center.

Penn said that roughly 30 percent of the students in the training program are non-native English speakers.

Of that 30 percent, "most of those are enrolled in the City College ESL Department, because City College has the pre-eminent ESL department in the City," he said.

CityBuild prepares students for high-level construction jobs—it's a lot more complicated than nailing boards together. The curriculum covers college-level coursework in math, blueprint-reading and labor studies. Students can earn up to 11 certifications: in CPR, workplace safety, forklift or scissor lift operation and others.

Completing the program without good English would be difficult, if not impossible.

"ESL at City College is one of the essential elements for assisting non-native speakers with development and connecting to employment," said Penn. "Without that department, I don't know what some of the students would do."

Penn said companies like Webcor, Bass Electric and Swinerton Builders regularly hire through CityBuild. These are some

of the best-known construction and development firms in the city. Webcor built the W Hotel, is building the new S.F. General Hospital, and is a partner on the new Transbay Terminal. Swinerton Builders built the Fairmont Hotel, Ghirardelli Square and the War Memorial Opera House.

Next time you walk past a construction site or stay in a fancy hotel, spare a moment to think of the workers behind these buildings, and the ESL Department that helped them get there.

Though it is the school's largest depart-

## 'From a language-learning point of view, you're never done.'

—ESL Department Chair Gregory Keech

ment and serves a vital function for the city, ESL has not been spared from the concern gripping the City College community (see "What if City Closed" on page 4).

"When you look at their plan, there's simply no one to do the work," Department Chair Gregory Keech said during an interview in February. "It would be chaos. I have no idea if I'm going to still be chair in the fall and my dean doesn't know if she'll still be dean."

As *Etc.* went to press, a deal was struck between the district and the Department Chairpersons Council to retain the department chair positions. The final details weren't available but a press release from the DCC said: "all department chairpersons would receive significantly reduced compensation and would have substantially reduced 'reassigned time' in which to carry out their duties as chairs."

An official ratification vote for this agreement was scheduled for after press time, but expected to pass. Keech said that he couldn't comment on the plan until after that vote.

Of course, this deal assumes that the school remains open and accredited—still no sure thing.

Keech likes to talk with his hands, and when he speaks about the ESL Department, they become very active. He worries that the small victories common to ESL are lost in the discussions about student learning outcomes, and all of the number crunching.

"This whole student success movement is based on completion. But what is completion?" he said. "From a language-learning point of view, you're never done. What

about the student successes that we don't have an easy metric for? Like success in the home, family or work?"

To make his point, Keech told the story of a former student who went from making minimum wage to around \$40 an hour in a short time. Another student dropped out of classes but used his language skills to get a job as a taxi dispatcher.

"This is the type of success story that is typical to non-credit ESL, but is hard to measure," he said.

Also hard to measure, Keech said, are the learning outcomes of students in literacy programs, like those at Mission and Chinatown campuses. These programs are designed for people who can't read or write in any language.

"We're talking about people who don't really know the idea of a pencil on paper," he said. "When those students graduate from that program, the bell should be ringing, because we've made a huge difference in that life. But we don't count that."

Those huge differences are what Keech is afraid the community will lose if the ESL Department is scaled back or closed. For credit students, there may be other options, like the University of Phoenix or online classes. Keech said those classes wouldn't be as intensive as what CCSF offers, and would often involve student loans.

"If City College were to go away, students would end up with a large financial burden," he said.

There would be an even larger impact on the non-credit students.

"There is nobody who can handle that volume," Keech said, referring to the 18,000 non-credit students. "There might be some churches or community organizations that would like to take them, but they might only have one room," he said. "They would have nowhere to go."

Lupita Sanchez echoed Keech's concern about the high cost and lower quality of other ESL options. She said that online classes were expensive and that, "taking classes on the computer is totally different because it's very important to have a connection with the teacher at the moment when you have questions."

Sanchez has noticed the concern among her classmates. "Everybody's worried that if they close City College, a lot of people won't attend," she said. "It's scary. It's like California is losing all of the dream." □



Greg Keech, City College's ESL Department chair, discusses the issues facing students during a campus coordinators meeting.





Lesley Ann Warren, Coco Peru, and Marc Huestis at one of Huestis' extravaganzas at the Castro Theater

Photo by Steven Underhill

# King of the Castro

## Spotlighting Mark Huestis, the father of the gay film festival

By Ana Valdes & Jackson Ly

**O**n Valentine's Day a crowd of 800 settled into the cushioned seats of the Castro Theater for the sixth edition of a variety show tailored to the tastes of the LGBTQ community.

Throughout three-and-half hours of camp and cultural subversion, the audience alternated between hushed reverence for drag interpretations of jazz standards and raucous applause and catcalling during a flamboyant runway fashion show.

Joey Arias, an established cabaret-style drag performer who has worked with Klaus Nomi, David Bowie and Cirque Du Soleil's "adult-themed" Zumanity show, headlined the event, titled "Loved Swings."

Local transsexual performer Veronica Klaus added her brand of sultry song and bawdy humor to the event. San Franciscan Mr. David designed the fashion showcase.

The man behind the extravaganza, Marc Huestis, didn't spend much time in the spotlight.

Huestis is an award-winning filmmaker and producer, a theater director, activist and co-founder of the Gay Film Festival, now known as Frameline Film Festival. He's a stalwart of the Castro community who began his film career by taking classes at City College.

During his Castro Theater events, he's all too happy to stay behind the scenes, working tirelessly to book the talent, sell tickets and

do publicity, even ushering guests to their seats before curtain time.

Klaus says of Marc's productions, "There are many artists who are not nationally well-known, but are equally as talented. In his events, he always includes local artists and gives them the opportunity to perform. This is a real contribution to the art and artist community."

Huestis has built his career around the City's gay community, lending his efforts to burnish the city's image as a place that welcomes and celebrates gay culture. He's made it his mission to share that culture with the wider world, from the heady days of the Harvey Milk 70s through the ravages of the HIV/AIDS epidemic that followed.



Huestis, 56, has spiky grey hair and a mischievous grin worn into the lines of his eyes and mouth. An East Coast native, he's been a fixture in the Castro neighborhood for nearly 40 years.

Today he can't walk the Castro sidewalks without being peppered with greetings and stopped to catch up.

His account of his family's Long Island home in the 50s and early 60s evokes the suburban ideal of the AMC series *Mad Men*: his father commuted to Manhattan, working as a video editor for NBC Television, while his mother remained at home, raising three children in a quiet, affluent neighborhood. Marc recalls going to his father's 30 Rockefeller office and watching him stoop over reels of film, making painstaking cuts.

This idyll was short-lived. His parents fought constantly and finally divorced when Marc was 13.

"Home was not a place to be safe. I was in shock," Huestis said of that time. "It was a very tough childhood and there was a lot of violence in the house."

A few years before the divorce, his mother had emerged from her role as housewife and become "Marija the Continental Gypsy", working as a go-go dancer, dying her hair bright red and keeping six white German shepherds.

"She was wild, crazy and artistic," Huestis said.

Marc and his siblings continued to live with their mother after the divorce. Although he recalls that she often sang "Edelweiss" around the house, he says his mother was no Julie Andrews.

Her increasing eccentricity was not lost on the neighbors and Marc learned to cope with ridicule from his peers.

The seeds of his later success were planted in the midst of this difficult childhood.

"I have technical skills from my dad and the showbiz razzmatazz from my mom."

It took a drastic relocation before those seeds took to root. After arriving in San Francisco on a tourist bus in the early 70s, Huestis dropped out of a SUNY Binghamton film program and made a permanent West Coast move.

"I came here in the heyday of the 70s, with all the wild and crazy stuff. Plugged into Castro Street and the gay community right away."

He soon joined the radical, free community theater group *The Angels of Light*. In the summer of 1975, Huestis played a leading

role in *Paris Sites Under the Bourgeois Sea*. He still recalls the audience response at the show's opening, a thunderous applause that greeted him the moment the curtains opened.

"That kept me going for the rest of my life," Huestis said. "I'm always a ham at heart."

Soon after, he crafted the role of an alcoholic drag queen named Ellen Organ. On stage as Organ, he'd play drunk, waving an empty bottle at the crowd. The queer performance art of that time and his urge to document it steered Huestis towards City

## 'Mark Huestis showed in the height of the epidemic, and answered the call to respond as a community in crisis.'

— Louis Biedak, friend

College.

He enrolled at CCSF and has fond memories of his years there, where he had the opportunity to develop his skills and channel his passion for filmmaking. He met fellow aspiring filmmakers and got to know his professors, forming professional and personal relationships that would last decades.

"I liked it because you got out of it what you put into it," he said. "I was a young, ambitious person who just wanted access to a camera and equipment and to show my stuff."

He spent two years at City, taking a barrage of classes in film production, editing and film studies—"anything I could get my hands on." He learned how to cut Super 8 film with a razor blade from Yascha Adjinsky and manned the projectors as a TA

in Celia Lighthill's film history course.

It was during his two-year stint at CCSF that Marc first encountered the nexus of film, photography and gay activism that was centered around Castro Camera. The store, now a California state landmark, was owned and operated by Harvey Milk until his 1978 assassination.

There Huestis joined a community he fondly remembers as "a rag tag band of hippie fags": artists like himself who would linger long after dropping off or picking up film. Among them was photographer Daniel Nicollella, whom Marc has called his "non-biological twin" – the two were born three days apart and both had relocated from New York.

In 1977, while Harvey Milk was running for city supervisor, Nicoletta, Marc and others rented a projector and threw a sheet up at an old community center at 32 Page Street to show homemade movies. They had no idea that their "Gay Film Festival of Super 8 Films" would become an annual tradition and the world's largest LGBT film exhibition.

The inaugural festival featured a short that Huestis made at City College. In "Miracle on Sunset Boulevard," a washed-out movie starlet has a mental breakdown before being saved by "the Great Goddess." The film displays a fascination with fading stardom that has been the impetus for his Castro Theater shows.

Huestis moved on to San Francisco State University. There, he directed "Whatever Happened to Susan Jane," highly sought-after today for its archival footage of San Francisco no-wave bands like Tuxedo Moon, Noh Mercy and others. Singer Robert Smith of the Cure has called it his favorite film.

In the 80s, Huestis began to focus his artistic efforts on documenting the



Marc Huestis, founding member of Frameline Film Festival and award-winning documentarian, started making films as a student at City College during the '70s.

Photo by Ana Valdes





Photo by Ana Valdes

*Mark Huestis' office on 16th Street in the Mission District. "I'm a hoarder," he says.*

gaycommunity's response to the HIV/AIDS epidemic. His most well known works are documentaries that provide an inside look at a highly stigmatized, nationally reported saga in gay history. Huestis himself was diagnosed with HIV in 1985.

In *Chuck Solomon: Coming of Age* (1986), Huestis documented the 40th birthday celebration for the director of San Francisco's Theatre Rhinoceros, a friend who had recently been diagnosed with AIDS.

"The film showed that HIV was a medical virus and not a punishment from the lord," said Lawrence Helman, a longtime collaborator.

Completing the movie in only five months, Huestis was able to show the film to Solomon before he died.

"Marc Huestis showed up at the height of the epidemic, and answered the call to respond as a community in crisis," said Nicoletta.

*Coming of Age* was shown in over 25 festivals around the world and received an award at the Chicago International Film Festival in 1987.

Huestis' most critically acclaimed film is the 1993 documentary "Sex Is . . ." It is a frank conversation with 15 gay men discussing the role of sex in their lives, interspersed with graphic footage.

The film received the highest honor for queer films, the Teddy Award, at the 1993 Berlin Film Festival. Helman, who also worked on the film, said they received a stag-

gering amount of letters of gratitude from people who said the film gave them hope.

"The AIDS epidemic was eating away the gay community," said Louis Biedak, a long-time friend of Huestis.

Marc estimates that 30 percent of his gay male friends died during this period, when AIDS claimed nearly 20,000 lives in San Francisco, a substantial majority of them gay men.

"It brought the community together like nothing ever had," Huestis said. "There just wasn't time to mess around."

Huestis' has never developed AIDS, though he's had close calls. On one terrifying occasion, he recalls that his T-cell level was one count shy of an AIDS diagnosis. Today he is among approximately 5,000 San Franciscans receiving treatments for HIV, in an age of rapidly improving antiretroviral drugs and well-funded local clinics.

In recent years the Frameline Festival has brought between 60,000 and 80,000 people into theaters and screenings, making it the city's most well attended LGBT arts event. Featured films are shown at the Castro, Roxie and Victoria Theaters in San Francisco.

Today, Marc consistently packs the Castro Theatre when he rolls out the red carpet for aging Hollywood icons like Debbie Reynolds, Jerry Lewis and Ann-Margaret. He feels lucky to be able to honor some of yesterday's biggest stars before an adoring audience. In Hollywood, he says, they are treated like "last week's garbage."

He produced a musical play last summer, has a handful of Castro shows in the pipeline and maintains a Youtube channel that has almost a million views. It is stocked with archival footage and video from his events.

At this point he's not planning on producing or directing any new feature length films. "It's too expensive," he says, "filmmaking is for the young and ambitious. When you're young you have more of that fire in your belly."

Nonetheless, he has learned several film-editing software programs to stay current. Though most of his films were shot in Super 8, he doesn't miss the medium.

"It was so horrible. It's so tedious and if you make one mistake, you're fucked. I actually love video," he said.

Many days he can be found in the shrine-like office he has maintained on 16th Street for twenty years. The ordered chaos of the small storefront is a daunting catacomb of expired media: VCRs, DVD players, towers of boxes filled with tapes. The walls are papered with posters of friends, celebrities and camp personalities.

Despite his gregarious public persona, he leads a simple life. He lives alone with his cat and has no plans to marry or have children. He spends his downtime battling friends in Scrabble, making homemade jam from fruit he cultivates in a community garden and enjoying his solitude.

For the first time, he says, he has some extra money to work with. His older brother Henry George, an industrial engineer whom Marc described as a "loner and a hoarder," died in 2011 and left Marc an unexpected inheritance.

For decades, rent control has allowed him to live with some comfort in the Mission on \$30k a year.

"Very early on in my life, I realized I wasn't going to have a lot of money, and I just needed to find a way of living cheaply," he said.

Thanks to his recent windfall he can tackle some long-held personal projects.

He recently passed his driver's test with only two questions wrong. Now he can drive for the first time in his life.

When he finds the time, he wants to go on a solo road trip through the Southwest. and get his teeth fixed. And write an autobiography.

"There's no stopping me now, baby!"

*Molly Livingston contributed to the article*



# Fall 2013 Journalism Classes

Classes start August 14, 2013. To register for courses go to [www.ccsf.edu/schedule](http://www.ccsf.edu/schedule)  
For more information call (415) 239-3446.

## **Jour 19: Contemporary News Media** 3.0 units

71182	001	Lec.	MWF	9:10 - 10:00 a.m.	BNGL 713	Gonzales
72540	551	Lec.	T	6:30 - 9:20 p.m.	Mission Campus/Rm. 217	Graham

Introduction to modern mass communication, with an emphasis on development of news media, analysis of the credibility of the media and its impact on daily life. *CSU/UC/CAN*

## **Jour 21: News Writing and Reporting** 3.0 units

71704	001	Lec.	MWF	10:10 - 11:00 a.m.	BNGL 715	Gonzales
72308	551	Lec.	T	6:30 - 9:20 p.m.	Mission Campus/Rm. 218	Rochmis

Techniques of newspaper reporting, developing and writing a news story, training in information gathering and interviewing sources. *PREREQ: ENGL 94. CSU/CAN*

## **Jour 22: Feature Writing** 3.0 units

72111	551	Lec.	R	6:30 - 9:20 p.m.	Mission Campus/Rm. 218	Rochmis
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Fundamentals in feature writing for magazines and newspapers with special emphasis on profile and interpretive news features. Practical experience in interview and in-depth research techniques. Training in how to write a freelance story for publication.

*PREREQ: ENGL 93 or 94 or PLACEMENT IN ENGL 96. CSU*

## **Jour 23: Electronic Copy Editing** 3.0 units

72311	551	Lec.	W	6:30 - 9:20 p.m.	Mission Campus/Rm. 218	Rochmis
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This course is for writers, working editors, and those considering a career in editing or copyediting. Students learn to edit newspapers, magazines and web site articles for accuracy, style and organization. The writer-editor relationship, and ways to keep it healthy, is emphasized throughout the course. *PREREQ: JOUR 21, JOUR 22, and GRPH 25 CSU*

## **Jour 24: Newspaper Laboratory** 3.0 units

71185	001	L/L	MWF	12:10 - 1:00 p.m.	BNGL 615	Gonzales
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Advanced newspaper laboratory course focused on the publication of the college paper, The Guardsman. Plus four lab hours TBA. *PREREQ: JOUR 21, JOUR 22, AND GRPH 25. CSU*

## **Jour 26: Fundamentals of Public Relations** 3.0 units

74606	551	Lec.	W	6:30-9:20 p.m.	Mission Campus/Rm. 217	Graham
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Prepares students to create a public relations campaign which includes writing media releases, "pitch" letters, public service announcements, managing media outlets, coordinating mailings and designing leaflets and posters, as well as setting up news conferences. Special attention given to in-house public relations duties for corporate and non-profit entities. *ADVISE: JOUR 24 PREREQ: GRPH 25*

## **Jour 29: Magazine Editing & Production** 3.0 units

71437	551	L/L	M	6:30 - 8:20 p.m.	Mission Campus/Rm. 217	Graham
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Students will study the editorial, business, graphic, and production skills required for publishing a campus magazine. Course is appropriate for students interested in creative writing, graphic and fine arts, photography, business, and journalism. *PREREQ: JOUR 21 AND JOUR 22. CSU*

## **Jour 37: Intro to Photojournalism** 3.0 units

72310	551	Lec.	W	6:30 - 9:20 p.m.	Mission Campus/Rm. 211	Lifland
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Emphasis on concepts of news and feature photography. Must have an SLR camera. Digital SLR preferred. Most assignments involve taking pictures of people, telling stories and conveying information. *ADVISE: PHOTO 51 OR EQUIVALENT EXPERIENCE. CSU*

## **Jour 38: Intermediate Photojournalism** 3.0 units

74608	551	Lec.	R	6:30 - 9:20 p.m.	Mission Campus/Rm. 217	Lifland
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Emphasis on concepts of news and feature photography. Must have an SLR camera. Digital SLR preferred. Most assignments involve taking pictures of people, telling stories and conveying information. *ADVISE: JOUR 37. CSU*





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